



SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1904

A FISH STORY.

I went a-fishing one fine day
Not very long ago,
I rather thought I knew the way
The fishing hole to throw.
I had the flies—a perfect book—
With every size and style of hook.
My rod was of the finest kind—
Bamboo, with whiplike tip,
And patent reel the line to wind,
And cork and silver grip.
My lines were silk, both strong and light;
I thought my outfit was just right.
I had a gaff, a landing net—
Of nothing was I shy.
I always make a point to get
The best that coin will buy.
I had a basket for the fish—
All that an angler could wish.

A little, freckled, barefoot lad
With willow pole fished near.
A line of twine was all he had,
A bent-pin hook, I fear.
Whorl on a common garden worm
He had impaled his twisted and squirm.

The livelong day we fished that stream—
This story you may doubt—
But, however you may deem,
I simply pulled them out.
The boy was not so lucky quite;
In fact, he hardly had a bite.

He bought four beauties from my string—
My charges were not high.
Well, no, it's not a common thing—
That I should not deny.
I can't tell why it happened so,
It happened, and that's all I know.
—Chicago Daily News.

A WOMAN'S DEFIANCE
By C. S. VALENTINE

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PAULINE CARTERET looked at the face her mirror reflected with a keen and searching scrutiny. It was a face attractive not on account of its beauty only, but also for the intensity of feeling and the capacity of loving deeply, which was revealed to an observant person in the depths of her glorious dark eyes and the tender curves of her small, moustached mouth. Pauline was not patient by nature, but she had schooled herself in that virtue for the last year as carefully as she had schooled the children under her care in their lessons in grammar, geography, and so on. Most women can be patient as long as the positive necessity exists, but when that is removed forbearance ceases to be a virtue.

Pauline was like the average woman in this respect, and it was because her face reflected the intensity of her feelings that she was so carefully examined. No, they had not deteriorated in the least in the last year; time had but served to make her beauty more glowing, more alluring. She had other proof besides that given by her mirror; two men, both prominent in the town and able to grant her every desire, had begged for her hand in marriage. Others, too, paid her homage. But though she managed to retain their friendship she refused their offers of love. So it came to pass that the people of the town called Pauline Carteret, the school mistress, cold. But Pauline knew that they were wrong, she and one other.

Jack Hobart knew that Pauline was not cold, knew that she could love with a passion which seems to vibrate in the air of the languorous southland from which she came. And he had reason for this knowledge. A year ago Pauline had yielded to his entreaties and married him secretly. He had not dared to marry her openly because his grandfather, upon whom he was dependent, had set his heart upon his taking into himself a wealthy wife. But Pauline's beauty had fascinated him, just as his care-free, happy disposition, handsome looks, and charming manners had won her heart; and so, against her better judgment, against her strong tendency to avoid all forms of deceit, she had at last given in to his pleading.

They were married at an obscure little sea port and remained there for one month—a month crowded to the last hour with perfect bliss for both. Then old Mr. Hobart fell ill and Jack was called to his bedside. A month later he died and there was no obstacle in the way of an announcement of their union, but Jack unaccountably delayed making it public and Pauline, who was an orphan and had no one with whom she could advise, was so proud to demand what he seemed unwilling to offer. When she came back at the beginning of the school term he came to see her again and in the joy of being with him again she forgot, for the time, that he had not insisted upon her resigning from the school and taking her rightful position in his home. Jack was of such a pleasure-loving disposition that he disliked giving up his bachelor freedom and the flattering attentions bestowed upon him by mothers with marriageable daughters and those of the girls of the town, with whom he was a great favorite; besides, he argued, Pauline was safe, for she was bound to him by the law of God and man. He had no fear but that she would be true to him and he told himself that he would settle down after he had had his fling, his fortune now permitted. In the meantime poor Pauline toiled away at her teaching, resolutely refusing the gifts and money which he would have showered lavishly upon her.

She read his nature aright, recognized his shallowness and selfishness, but despite it all she still loved him, although she grew very impatient. She began to go out more and received the attentions of other men and became so that Jack grew jealous and forbade her amusing herself in that manner.

"You do the same, I'm sure," she said, laughing lightly. "And I've never objected, have I?"

"No," he answered, slowly, "no, you

have not. But for you—well, it's different, you know."

"I fail to see the difference," said Pauline, quietly, and abruptly bade him good night. That was the night upon which she had consulted her mirror and had been assured that she had lost none of

he charms that had won her his love, and she had turned away with the determination to make one desperate throw for happiness and if that failed to go away where she would never see the man who was her husband again. The next evening she met him on the street and he walked home with her.

"Pauline," he said, abruptly, "you are allowing Barrow to pay you too much attention."

"Really? A small matter like that can hardly concern you." She spoke coolly, but her heart beat rapidly and she could scarce control her voice. Here was the opportunity she had wished for and she waited eagerly for his next words.

"It does concern me and I positively forbid your encouraging him further," answered, harshly. Her heart sank in her breast. He had had his chance and lost it. They had reached the door of her boarding house and she turned and confronted him.

"I am sorry you disapprove of Mr. Barrow," she said, smiling faintly, "for I have made up my mind to marry him."

"You must be mad, Pauline!" he cried, "are you married already?"

"Who knows? You have told me none nor have I. You have no proof of the marriage—yet remember I have the certificate in my possession. I can destroy it, and the past will open naught but a dream. Mr. Barrow offers me his love and the proud position of wife to the wealthiest and most distinguished man in this town. Why should I deny myself all happiness, merely because you no longer care for me?"

"But I do! For Heaven's sake, Pauline—"

"Good-by," she said, and closed the door in his face and turned the key. He beat upon it futilely with his fists, but she did not open to him. When she heard his receding footsteps she dragged herself up to her room and threw herself

upon her bed, where she lay sleepless through the long watches of the night.

She had made her play, she had cast her all, like a desperate gambler, on one throw, and awaited the result with painful anxiety. She had not meant her threat, but she would wait until the morning and then, if her pitiful plot failed, she would go away.

She removed all traces of a sleepless night and went down to breakfast, when the bell rang. Her entrance caused a cessation of conversation and the other boarders looked confused until one of their number approached her with an open newspaper, and held out his hand.

"Allow me to be the first to offer my congratulations," he said, cordially. Her glance fell upon the paper and she saw, in large type, the announcement of her marriage a year past. Ah, her play had not failed, after all. He was not willing to give her up to another.

She drew a long breath of relief and looking up saw her husband entering the room. He went up to her and put his arms around her before all the watching eyes.

"You must come with me, Pauline," he said firmly, but tenderly, "I cannot live without you any longer."

WOMAN WARNED BY DREAM

She Obeyed the Admonition and Saved Herself from a Watery Grave.

Mrs. F. C. Johnson, living four miles northwest of Quinlan, Kan., was saved from drowning through a dream. Several nights ago she dreamed she had slipped into the well on the place while attempting to draw water. So impressed was she with the dream that the next morning she fastened a long rope to a heavy iron stake, driven deep in the ground, and threw the loose end of the rope into the well. She instructed her little boy, at the same time, to crasp the rope should he fall into the well.

During the afternoon of the same day she went to the well to draw water, and slipping on the wet platform, slid into the open curb. The well is 24 feet deep and half full of water. The plunge took her away under, but upon coming to the surface she seized the rope and climbed out hand over hand, using the side of the well as a brace. In relating her experience, Mrs. Johnson says that all she could think of while falling in the well was that the rope was there.

Sunshine in Disease.

The sun bath is useful in almost every form of disease in which an acute febrile process is not present. It is especially valuable in neurasthenia, all forms of dyspepsia, rheumatism, diabetes, gout, skin disease and chronic maladies of every sort.—Indianapolis News.

An Earnest Seeker.

"Man proposes," spoke the parson, "When a spinster wailed her fan, And the worshippers all giggled, 'Where is the man?'"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Practical Co-Operation.

Western Grain Raisers Band Together to Get Fair Prices for Their Farm Products.

The tendency of the times is toward cooperation, and the most interesting movement just now is seen in the cooperative associations being formed in the middle west. The growth of this movement for the consolidation of grain raisers has been upon a far different basis from the visionary plan of early days. In the first place these associations are in the hands of shrewd business men, who can handle financial affairs in a way to produce results. It is said that one of the wealthiest and most successful millers in the west, whose mills are reputed to bring a profit of \$55,000 a year, is now manager of a long line of farmers' elevators, and at a meeting at Kansas City a few days ago it was reported that 75 elevators scattered through Oklahoma, Kansas and Nebraska are listed in the association. It was reported that the stockholders had received a dividend of eight per cent. after paying expenses, and were selling grain at a larger profit than could be secured from the ordinary elevators.

The plan of the cooperation is purely business-like, with politics and sentiment in the background. The stockholders are farmers, and the elevators are run on a basis of actual cost, the profit being returned to the farmer in dividends. The key item in the management is the requirement that every producer is to sell to the association elevator, or if he sells elsewhere shall pay one cent a bushel of the amount received to the association company. This makes it impossible for their rivals to run them out of business by bidding higher for grain. The towns where these association elevators have been established for four years are favorably impressed with the plan, and the management has continued to return profits, the numbers are being extended, and there are enough now to compel the railroads to give them equal privileges with the old line institutions.

—Prairie Farmer.

HOME-MADE CORN CUTTER

Simple Device for Whose Construction Nothing Is Needed But a Sledge and Scythe Blade.

Where large fields of corn are grown a cheap, quick system of cutting the crop is essential. The simple device shown in the illustration, which can be readily constructed by any handy man on a farm, is made from a sledge and a scythe blade. The size need not be exactly as described, but the body must not be too wide to go easily between the rows.

The sledge part is three and one-half feet long by two and one-half feet wide. The scythe blade is three and one-half feet long by one and one-half feet wide. The blade is fastened to the right-hand corner. The point of the scythe is braced out by an angle of 45 degrees, with a brace of three by six inch hardwood, bolted to the scythe six inches from the point. The brace is then firmly bolted to the sledge. A large bolt is nailed to the sledge for a seat. A steady horse, accustomed to cultivate between the rows should be used.

The corn is cut close to the roots and about six or seven acres can be cut in a day. A stiff rod of wrought iron bent as shown and bolted to the front of the sledge helps to collect the cut stalks, the driver also guiding with his right hand the stalks as they fall.—I. A. Fiske, in N. E. Homestead.

DEVICE FOR CORN FIELDS.

How to Make a Corn Horse That Is Sure to Save a Lot of Very Hard Work.

When the corn is standing nine or ten feet tall, take a rope about five feet long and fasten a ring on one end, and a snap off some old line on the other end. Take two stalks in adjoining rows and put the rope around them; snap the snap into the ring at one side of the shock, then cut your corn and set it against this. When the shock is filled, pull out your rope by taking hold of the snaps. This makes it nice when you come to husk the corn, and it stands well. Put the rope around just about half way up the stalk.—H. C. Eberly, in Epitome.

The Moisture of Good Hay.

The moisture content of hay when it is put into the mow varies greatly, this depending largely on the way in which it is cured. Some hay that is made from grass cut late and cured in dry weather has in it so little moisture that during the winter it may frequently increase in weight. As a usual thing, hay does not increase in weight during the winter. If it is cut quite green and stored in an imperfectly cured condition it will often be found with such a large percentage of moisture in it that spontaneous combustion is possible. Hay cured properly will have in it a considerable quantity of moisture and will tend to lose this moisture during the winter, and this loss will equal ten per cent. of the bulk in many instances.

Her Sweet Little Brother.

Dashaway—You say your sister will be down in a minute, Willie? That's good news. I thought perhaps she wanted to be excused, as she did the other day.

Willie—Not this time. I played a trick on her.

Dashaway—What did you do?

"I said you were another fellow!" exclaimed Willie, triumphantly.—Tit-Bits.

A Sensitive Conscience.

Carrie—Goodness, it's that horrid old bore, Wilkins. Tell him I have gone out.

Belle—No, I won't tell a story; but I will say that you have not come back yet.—N. Y. Times.

Can't Afford to Ride.

Little Clarence—Pa, why do they call Mr. Broadhead a walking encyclopedia?

Mr. Callipers—Because, son, like most men who are full of wisdom, he is too poor to own an automobile.—Town Topics.

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"And if you refuse me," hissed Percy Vere, "I shall follow you to the ends of the earth."

"Gracious!" replied the beautiful girl. "Are you a book agent or insurance man?"—Chicago Daily News.

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Traveler (reading upon a cleared space garnished with little heaps of human bones)—This is a cemetery, I suppose?

Belgianized Native Guide (with a smile)—No, M'sieu, des am—er—er—rest—raunt—Ally Sloper.

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SEABOARD

AIR LINE RAILWAY

Short Line to Principal Cities of the South and Southwest, Florida, Cuba, Texas and Mexico.

Schedule in Effect April 17th, 1904.

TRAINS LEAVE RICHMOND—MAIN ST. STATION—DAILY.

7:30 a. m.—"SEABOARD MAIL," composed of latest improved day coaches, Pullman Sleeper, Pullman Parlor Car and Cafe Car, to Henderson, Raleigh, Southern Pines, Hamlet, Pinebluff, Afton, Camden, Columbia, Savannah, Jacksonville, St. Augustine, Tampa and New Orleans.

9:30 a. m.—Local for Norfolk, Hamlet and Charlotte.

TRAINS ARRIVE RICHMOND—DAILY.

6:35 a. m.—No. 34, from Florida, Atlanta and Tampa.

8:30 a. m.—No. 35, from Florida, Atlanta and Tampa.

10:30 a. m.—Local for Norfolk, Hamlet and Charlotte.

W. M. TAYLOR, City Ticket Agent.

H. S. LEARD, Dist. Pass. Agt.

No. 330 E. Main St., Richmond, Va.

Phone 405.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY

Effective May 29th, 1904.

TRAINS LEAVE RICHMOND.

7:00 a. m.—Daily. Local for Charlotte.

12:30 p. m.—Daily. Limited. Bet. Richmond to Atlanta and Jacksonville, New Orleans, Memphis, Chattanooga and all the South.

6:00 p. m.—Ex. Su. 1st, Ky. Ky. Ky.

1:40 p. m.—Daily. Limited. Daily train ready for all the South.

9:30 p. m.—For all the South.

TRAINS ARRIVE RICHMOND.

6:35 a. m.—Daily. Local for Charlotte.

12:30 p. m.—Daily. Limited. Bet. Richmond to Atlanta and Jacksonville, New Orleans, Memphis, Chattanooga and all the South.

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1:40 p. m.—Daily. Limited. Daily train ready for all the South.

9:30 p. m.—For all the South.

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